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# Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang

Vol. III

July, 1922

No. 35

*explosion of  
pedigreed bunk*





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# Captain Billy's Whiz Bang

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*America's Magazine of  
Wit, Humor and  
Philosophy*

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**JULY, 1922**

**Vol. III. No. 35**

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Published Monthly **W. H. Fawcett,** at Robbinsdale, Minnesota

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**ONE DOLLAR FOR THE WINTER ANNUAL**

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**'We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is  
loyalty to the American people.—Theodore Roosevelt.**

**Copyright 1922  
By W. H. Fawcett**

Captain Billy's Whiz Bang employs no solicitors. Subscriptions may be received only at authorized news stands or by direct mail to Robbinsdale. We join in no clubbing offers, nor do we give premiums. Two-fifty a year in advance.

**Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and  
dedicated to the fighting forces of the United States**



## *Drippings From the Fawcett*

**T**HIS is the season of the year when the women change the song to read "Home, Sweep Home." Ye old farmer from Robbinsdale, "whoe eydits this bundle of ye philosophy," as Ben Franklin might have written it, also has been about as busy as a two-headed cat in a bird show.

Between taking care of farm chores; putting the Whiz Bang to bed regularly; petting and coddling our new magazine, "True Confessions" into life being, and installing a flock of fol-de-rols at Breezy Point Lodge—Whiz Bang's summer resort on Pelican Lake—your Uncle Billy hasn't been enjoying himself like a Peggy Joyce or a Jacques Dempsey.

However, I wouldn't mind being where they have been in Gay Paree for a night or two. France is our sister republic and I haven't hugged or kissed a sister in many a moon.

But after all is said, why go to Europe for a good time—or to be robbed? One can get either or both here at home. It was only a few weeks ago that one of our leading Minneapolis bond dealers pounced in upon us in the Rob-



binsdale editorial sanctum and strong-armed me into sinking a couple of months' savings into gilt-edged bonds. The firm has since gone flat broke; the bonds have been claimed by several others, and it looks as if this old farmer is going to be left holding at least one corner of the gunny sack for the snipes to run into.

So, I add with emphasis, one doesn't have to grab off a royal steerage suite on the old cattleboat line for La Bill France to rub elbows with thieves and philanderers. There are plenty of distinguished "high jackers" wandering around loose at home under our own eighteen amendments. I hope and trust that one or two of them will not be quite so loose ere another frost settles on the pumpkins.

\* \* \*

**S** TOPPED at a farmhouse near Brainerd one day last week to fill my radiator. The farmer told me that six of his finest hogs died with the cholera last month, and his wife died a week later. He stated that losing the hogs was a big loss as he could have gotten fifty dollars apiece for them.

\* \* \*

**I** T IS getting close onto three years since ye editor launched Whiz Bang onto the startled world. The little old Banger made an almost instantaneous hit. I had always imagined that somewhere between the rollicking bawdiness of Victorian times and the finical nasty-niceness of present day uplift lit-



erature there lay a path that could be trod with cleanness, suavity and success. The aim of Whiz Bang always has been to hold to this path—to get the laughs and provoke the merriment by subtle appeal to the sane and wholesome emotions that emanate from the human funny bone.

Somehow I cannot accept the wild rantings of the holier-than-God type of person who holds that "the gradual shift in literary style in this country is an infallible sign of degeneracy among well known authors and in the growing audiences whose tastes they address."

The flaw in the old Victorian code was a certain humorless prudery. While Whiz Bang has no defense for the smut and lewdness that one finds in some periodicals and books, it refuses to tie up with the sanctimonious simps who seem to think that if the people laugh and enjoy themselves a little it is a sign of national eroticism—or a sign that our clean stock is being mercilessly mongrelized and that our sex morals are becoming an outworn tradition.

\* \* \*

**T**HE trouble with the reformers is that they don't know when or where to stop. The other day while I was inspecting our latest addition to Whiz Bang Farm's list of thoroughbred stock—"Chocolate Lady," a beautiful brown mare—Chore Boy Ikey brought in a letter from one of the Vigilantes at Tulsa, Oklahoma. Tulsa is a nice little town and this



writer doubtless a nice little lady—but—she had a grievance against Whiz Bang because it was bringing kissing into disrepute by frequent quips at this sacred custom that has been handed down the ages.

Bless you, my little lady, kisses are as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Val-lombrosa in all literature of the American bourgeoisie. Even our most holy puritans kiss somebody—on week days—and probably themselves get kissed occasionally on their own weak ends. Kisses don't signify anything erotic in American novels or periodicals. They don't even suggest anything.

I counted 26 kisses in Lucy Terrill's "A Thing Apart," the other night—about two per chapter. Lucy's hero seldom kissed the heroine on the lips where kisses are legitimate—his favorite osculations were on neck, throat and shoulder. I suspect, too, that my old Indian Guide, Gus, who forsook us for livelier Hollywood, used to smack Maggie, the cook, on the beezer at Breezy Point Lodge last summer when nobody was looking.

If this were a confessing day I fear this old farmer might be able to tell a few, himself, but it isn't, and anyway when Captain Billy loses his love for the good old-fashioned kissing smack he will be so old that the mosquitoes will not bite him. I fear our Tulsa vigilant friend has dissected us with more ardor than reason,



for, after all, kissing is as innocent as a babe unborn.

\* \* \*

**I**N THE meantime little old Whiz Bang is bowling along—amusing millions of readers every month—enjoying unprecedented success. Some of our too salacious imitators have fouled their own nests but I would like to emphasize that Whiz Bang goes through Uncle Sam's mail boxes just the same as ever—snappy, seasonable, satirical, second-class mail matter. Whiz Bang's standards are broader and more elastic than those of the single-trackers. Yet they operate along well established lines of fundamental decency—free from viciousness, chock full of humor, virility and punch.

\* \* \*

**A** FEW years ago before the uplifters got on the liquor trail if you offered a girl a drink of hard whisky she would throw it in your face. Nowadays she throws it in her own.

\* \* \*

**W**HICH reminds that up at Breezy Point, this old hayseed-editor has not only the finest all-around summer resort in the northern hemisphere but also the finest equipment for "space killing" ever gathered under one tent—to-wit: One aeroplane, 160 h. p.; one seaplane, 100 h. p.; one sea sled, 90 h. p., and



one Henry Ford, 16 candlepower. The seaplane—a former navy boat—arrived last week and everybody on the ranch, from the culinary maid to the stable boy, has been busy fiddling around to make sure that the carburetor doesn't get mixed up with the water pump in the setting up process.

There are so many small lakes and rivers in Minnesota that one can fly from Breezy Point Lodge to Minneapolis—150 miles—with always a landing place for a seaplane within gliding distance. Two weeks ago Sunday Mrs. Billy and I flew down to Minneapolis from Breezy Point for over-Sunday and on the return trip we had a nice flop in a farmer's field as a result of a blown valve or something akin.

When the seaplane joins our stable I am looking forward to some grand and glorious hunting about the time the Ides of November roll along.

\* \* \*

**W**HEN in Robbinsdale do as the Robins do," chirruped Ikey, the chore boy, the other day as he hiked over to the air field back of the barn to pilot.

\* \* \*

**Y**EARS ago before I took to trekking about via aeroplane your Uncle Billy motored across Wisconsin bound for nowhere in particular. One afternoon I asked a farmer lad for directions to the next town and he re-



plied: "Sure thing. Go two creameries down the road, and then turn two cheese factories to the right."

\* \* \*

**E**X-CORPORAL HARVEY FAWCETT, U. S. Tank Corps, who helps us do the chores around Whiz Bang farm, is vacationing on a motor cruise to the Pacific Coast. Harvey asked a Kansas native for directions to the next village and this was his answer: "You are on the right road. The village is about four detours straight ahead."

\* \* \*

**S**HOP windows on Nicollet are showing the season's latest crimes. The big plate glass windows resemble aquariums when sweetie detours her fish into strategic position for spring's latest novelties in bank roll scorchers.

\* \* \*

**A**T THE RATE manuscript is coming in for the new Fawcett magazine—"True Confessions"—ye editor has a herculean job ahead of him choosing the prize winners in the \$10,000 contests. The first issue of the magazine—August, 1922—will be on the news stands July 15th. It will be something different—a cross section of real life romances—not the imaginary—Graustark—fiction school stuff—but real life stories—and there's no gainsaying the fact that it is the Romance of Real Life the people like to read nowadays.



In perusing the dozens of manuscripts that have been entered in the contest it has struck me rather forcibly that about fifty per cent of the contributors take only slight pains with their copy. Some embryonic writers seem to take especial delight in writing on odds and ends of paper; others single-space, making it nearly impossible to correct misspelled words and other errors; then again, some write on both sides of the papers and still others employ long hand with little attempt at legibility.

However, it is the dull man who does everything right and by the same token it is the always-right man who is the ignoramus dullard. So the editor will be glad to receive your manuscript and enter it in the contests. You may write of the personal experiences of a wife, sweetheart, a husband or lover; the con man, thief, gambler, harlot or of the higher professions of life. Let's have it.

America's "Magazine of Real Life" will be out July 15th. It will be a corker.

\* \* \*

A WHIZ BANG fan who signs himself "The Kansas Swede," writes to inform that we made a mistake recently in describing an undertaker as a man who follows the medical profession. In this writer's estimation our friends of the modern mortuary parlor are "scabbing" on the buzzards. Nevertheless, Lieutenant Walter Bullock, my Breezy



Point aeroplane pilot, arises in the belief it will be some years before his private undertaker has an ace in the hole.

\* \* \*

**A** KIND reader sends us a proverb "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Brother, if you ever picked up a rooster, especially if it was a fighting cock, you'd know that this proverb doesn't apply in the barnyard.

\* \* \*

**T** HE old-fashioned girl who used to recite "Lips That Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine," nowadays is too busy whooping it up at "parties" to bother about recitations.

\* \* \*

**A** YOUNG mother pushing a baby carriage was arrested in Robbinsdale for SPEEDING. She collided with a young girl riding a kiddy car. Neither was hurt. Oddly enough, the school girl was one of the ring bearers at the young mother's wedding this spring.

\* \* \*

**O** LD MAN SCHULTZ, our village storekeeper, went down to McDonald Brothers wholesale house in Minneapolis the other day to buy crockery.

"What's that thing for?" he asked the clerk.

"That's a mustache cup," explained the genial salesman. "The guard is to keep your mustache out of the coffee."



"Wal, it may be all right," responded Brother Schultz, "But I should think they'd a put it on a sasser."

\* \* \*

**D**EACON MILLER'S son Alf came home from college a couple of weeks ago wearing a brand new pair of rubber tired spectacles. While the Deacon was out in the barnyard he asked Alf how he would say "fork, manure and cart" in Latin, to which Alf "studiously" replied—

"Forkabus, Manurebus, Cartibus!"

"Wal," remarked the old Deacon wily, "Ef you don't take that there forkabus and throw that there manurebus in the cartibus I'll be forced to break your lazy backabus."

\* \* \*

### Barnyard Philosophy

Because nature is true and instinct real;  
Trust not a dog's tooth, nor a horse's heel.

\* \* \*

He that only steals a pig,  
Will steal an ox ten times as big.

\* \* \*

When tricksters grow troublesome, call the police;  
When the fox preaches, take care of the geese.

\* \* \*

If you the news in town would know,  
Then out in the country you should go.

\* \* \*

The most insidious poison known is: "I love you," whispered into the ear of a pure woman by an unscrupulous cad.



**P**ERMIT us to submit the following as a sort of sequel to the little explosion published in the May number which went something like this:

*"When your heels hit hard and your head feels queer  
And your thoughts rise up like foam on beer," etc.*

*"When you wake up in the morning and you feel all in,  
You feel in your pockets and they're void of tin;  
Your collar is wilted and your hat caved in.  
And you say to yourself 'What a dampool I've been,'  
Then you're sober my boy, you're sober."*

*Copy*

\* \* \*

### Kipling's Flapper

*Oo's the bloomin' Lizzie  
Kilted like a Scot?  
Gawd! hit makes me dizzy  
Just to see 'er fox trot:  
'Air cut hoff, fice pinted  
Like a bloody clown;  
Boots as isn't tidy,  
Socks as is rolled down;  
Bare, an' bold, an' brazen  
In 'er fapper way!  
Hi prefers the 'eathen  
Hout in Mandalay.*

*Copy*

\* \* \*

*Why juggle for world peace in Genoa when Henry Ford's  
factory is turning out a tin terror every six seconds during  
the day. There is no peace.*

\* \* \*

"John," said a Minnesota grocer, "Have you watered the rum, dampened the tobacco and sanded the sugar?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then you may leave for church."



### **We'll Bet On His Batting Average**

An Irishman of the old school attended confessional.

"Father, I want to confess to kissing a beautiful maiden," was the way Mike pleadingly commenced.

"How many times did you commit this grave sin?" asked the reverend father.

"Father, I came here to confess—not to brag."

\* \* \*

No well-authenticated he-virgin ever succeeded in setting the world on fire.

\* \* \*

### **The Tale of a Red Hair**

"John Brown," screeched the angry wifie, "Where did you get this red hair on your coat?"

"Why, er, er," stammered the wayward hubby. "It was like this—er—there was a cry—a flash of powder—in a wink I stood beside her—a shot rang out and I escaped by a hair—and—and that's the hair."

\* \* \*

Our monthly song should be entitled "And the Green Grass Stains All Around."

\* \* \*

### **A Sleep Producer**

Have you heard the latest song? It's called "Chloroform." Words by Will Hays; music by Fatty Arbuckle.

\* \* \*

Two wrongs often make a riot.



## Questions and Answers

**Dear Bill**—What is considered the end of a perfect day?—*Poe Kat Hello.*

Twelve o'clock, I reckon.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Bill**—Please list the twelve greatest temptations which befall mankind.—*Sassy Frass.*

Eleven cold bottles on a hot day and a pretty woman.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Bill**—What is meant by "from the sublime to the ridiculous?"—*Ex-Doughboy.*

If you should be offered a thousand dollars for your bonus, that would be sublime, and if you'd refuse to accept it, that would be ridiculous.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—What is meant by "Anti-Climax?"—*May Doolittle.*

Anti-Climax is a society for the prevention of cruelty to chewing tobacco.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—What's your idea of the height of laziness?

You should see Ikey, our Jewish farm-hand, sitting on a stone in the middle of the pasture



with a pail between his legs waiting for a cow to back up to be milked.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—What is rouge?—**Oyle Kann.**

Canned sunshine.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—What is the principal cause for so many divorces?—**Knuts Gazoobus.**  
Matrimony.

\* \* \*

**Captain Billy**—Why does a cat swallow a mouse head first?—**Willie Gettit.**

So she can use the mouse's tail for a tooth pick.

\* \* \*

**Captain Billy**—Is it true that your hired man, Ikey, walks in his sleep?—**G. Raff.**

Yes, he needs the exercise.

\* \* \*

*copy*  
**Dear Captain Bill**—What is the favorite slang expression of the 1922 Flapper?—**Min.**

"Oh, my yes!"

\* \* \*

*copy*  
**Dear Skipper**—I'm a lovelorn and lonesome lassie and am very infatuated with a San Diego dago. When I dance with him my lips are ashen with passion and I know, too, that he is in love with me because his lips also are ashen with passion. What shall we do?—**A Classy Lassie.**

Ashes to ashes.



X *Dear Skipper*—Was it the bang in Bangor, Maine, that made Long Island Sound?—*G. Ografie.*

Yes, and it also made Cape Fear.

\* \* \*

*Dear Cap'n Willyam*—My parrot uses profanity very profusely. What shall I do?—*Katy Didd.*

Wash its mouth with soap.

\* \* \*

X *Dere Captain Billy*—Are there any painless dentists?—*P. Parker.*

They all are, it doesn't hurt them.

\* \* \*

*Dear Captain Billy*—What is the difference between a "bindlestiff" and a "gandy dancer"?—*Gob Boone.*

A "bindlestiff" is a tramp who takes the hardest of the world's hard knocks but seldom returns them, and a "gandy dancer" is a "bindlestiff" with a job.

\* \* \*

*Billy Dear*—Each night after retiring, I am greatly annoyed by bed bugs, and would like some advice as to how I can have this annoyance stopped.—*U. Killem.*

Copy X  
Try sleeping on the floor, until the bugs discover the change and follow you. Then go back to bed, and so on. After doing this for a few years the bugs should get tired following you around, and go elsewhere.



### Robbinsdale Society Notes

Aleck Jones' old cow, Rosebud, had a calf last Saturday morning. Both are doing well.

\* \* \*

Joseph Hoskins, our local barber, received his spring supply of hair tonic this week.

\* \* \*

Cynthia Hanson, who is taking a correspondence course in cooking, received another lesson recently.

\* \* \*

### Breezy Point

Horses in the barn  
Hee Haw! Hee Haw!  
Kitty by the fireside  
Meow—Sst, pst, sst,  
Doggies out romping  
Bow wow, wuff wuff,  
Cuckoos in the tree top  
Coo—Coo—Coo—Coo,  
This issue of Whiz Bang  
!!!\_\_\_\_\_?????\*\*\*\*\*\_\_\_\_\_

\* \* \*

### Mistaken Identity

As a steamer was leaving the harbor of Athens a well-dressed young passenger approached the captain and pointing to the distant hills inquired:

“What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?”

“That is snow, madam,” replied the captain.

“Well,” remarked the lady, “I thought so myself, but a gentleman has just told me it was Greece.”



## *Silver Screen Shrapnel*

ONE of Whiz Bang's investigators just "stumbled" upon an innocent little dope party one Sunday afternoon not so long ago. In a modest little bungalow on Santa Monica Boulevard, not so far from the big studios, a San Francisco man has recently become domiciled. One can go there and take a party of friends for afternoon "tea." Several men and women who play in pictures were there on the day in question, including Gloria Swanson, who perhaps didn't know just what sort of a party she was attending. One young man had completely "passed out." The coterie calling at this cottage is not large, and you must be very properly introduced to gain admittance. It's there, all the same!

\* \* \*

WE OLD TIMERS of Hollywood know how to control ourselves when pink rosebuds pop out on bushes on Christmas day, and birds sing lustily and every dazzle of sunshine is rife with romantic blind staggers. But it isn't so easy for newcomers. Staid, dignified easterners prove weak subjects when the fever gets them. Some of them have "Hollywooditis"



—it's a state of mind—for a long time. Oddly enough, the fever often attacks our most brilliant men and women in all its silliest forms.

The public stands for a lot of things, but it hates to see its most brilliant men become silly. France had to stand for Maeterlinck's second marriage. Two of America's brilliant men are coming in for no little comment because they are victims of "Hollywooditis."

A few months ago, Gouveneur Morris' wife quit him cold. "Guv," ever since he has been west writing for pictures, has fairly drooled with "Hollywooditis." He has become quite peppy and is seen trotting about evenings like any young clerk with petite little blonde girls and childly looking brunettes, running them about in cars or taking them to vaudeville or a little hop. Recently he filed for divorce.

The wife of Douglas Doty has just won her divorce decree. Doty is the former editor of the Century Magazine. From 1914 to 1917 he was editor of Cosmopolitan and later became literary adviser of Harper's. He is now a writer at the Lasky Studio. A man of literary gifts without dispute. He has a daughter fourteen years of age. Harvey J. O'Higgins, the author and playwright and other famous folk tried to keep the Doty household intact, but without success. Douglas was smitten with "Hollywooditis" when he first came west to become head of the Universal scenario department. His interest became consumed by several



ladies—one after another—and his confidants were amused because Doty was always saying, "I want you to meet my friend So-and-So—she's a wonderful inspiration in my work—" and every few weeks the "inspirator" went by a different name.

We're not intimating that either of these brilliant gentlemen have gone wild—in the ordinary sense of the word. We have heard that Sir Gilbert Parker, staid and conservative Member of Parliament of England, also caught "Hollywooditis" in a mild form when he came west to write for Lasky. Perhaps a long rope let out by the wives and a carte blanche to run freely about Hollywood for a couple of years would accustom these husbands of mature years to the rosebuds and sunshine.

And to give all credit where it is due—Rupert Hughes came out west for the first time about two years ago and has blinked unflinchingly in the sunshine ever since. Octavus Roy Cohen wasn't constitutionally upset either. Mary Roberts Rinehart or Gertrude Atherton didn't catch "Hollywooditis" but then, they had visited California before. Elinor Glyn succumbed to the malady and danced in springtly manner each evening with boys in their teens!

\* \* \*

**B**ETTY BLYTHE and husband, Paul Scardon have rented the New York apartment of Fannie Hurst. Or is it the apartment of Fannie's husband? You remem-



ber, Fannie has advanced ideas and doesn't believe that a married team should occupy the same flat because "so many egg stains appear on the breakfast cloths."

Betty and friend husband seem to be well disposed at the breakfast table, for they are still occupying the famous apartment together.

\* \* \*

**C**ECILE DE MILLE has adopted three children. Nora Bayes has just adopted two homeless waifs. Mr. and Mrs. Sim Collins, of the vaudeville team of Collins and Hart, have adopted altogether 26 children. The last six, just added to their fold, were made orphans because of a murder at Lynbrook, L. I.

Go to it, ministers of the gospel! Here's a live topic for a sermon anent the wicked stage folk.

\* \* \*

**M**ISS DU PONT, heroine of "Foolish Wives" and other Universal pictures, was divorced from her husband, Joseph Hannan, a Chicago salesman, quite recently. It is said that Hannan has taken the matter to heart, but that he admits that a salesman's salary is no match for that of a film star.

\* \* \*

**H**AS someone played a practical joke on Henry Lehrman? An advertisement in the "Personal" column of a recent issue of the Los Angeles Times read "Personal—



Wanted the address of Henry Lehrman. Have \$1,000,000 to start motion picture business. Cash waiting." There followed a box address for reply.

Was Arbuckle waiting around the corner with a brickbat?

\* \* \*

**H**ENRY LEHRMAN has announced that he intends to "settle down." He has just married Jocelyn Leigh, a former Follies girl. A fur coat maker in New York recently had Henry arrested in the metropolis because he wouldn't pay for Jocelyn's coat which he had ordered for her. Jocelyn said a lot of nasty things about Henry's false promises at the time. When Henry came west, Jocelyn followed him out to Hollywood.

\* \* \*

**A** SMALL town newspaper editor, not so far from Los Angeles, quotes his most prominent citizen as saying "You can't believe what you read these days. Los Angeles newspapers said Mabel Normand was going to Europe, but, by heck, I just took a motor trip up in the hills in my Ford and there was Mabel's company taking scenes!"

The village sleuth intimates that Mabel is "out hiding" in the hills. As a matter of fact, certain scenes in "Suzanna" were delayed during the Taylor investigation. Mabel is hurrying through these scenes, and will then go east where her mother will join her on the European trip.



## A Serious Case

St. Paul, Minnesota, Dec. 17, 1921.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I hereby wish to state that Mrs. Pat Rooney has been a patient of mine for the past ten years; she was operated upon four years ago for double salpingitis and oophoritis; operation performed salpingectomy and oophorectomy. She is at present troubled with rheumatic arthritis and also cholecystitis, also rheumatic flat feet. She is unable to do any work and in the near future should have a cholecystectomy. She has been afflicted with rheumatism and cholecystitis several times in the past year, and, in fact, is just getting over a cholecystitis, and also an arthritis. The only treatment possible is rest, diet and operation.

Yours truly,

DR. JOHN O'LEARY.

\* \* \*

*Copy* **Let us now sing the beautiful little ditty,  
"We Feed Our Hogs On Raisin Mash to Get  
Our Pickled Pigs Feet."** *X*

\* \* \*

## On the Missing List

Jones arrived home unexpectedly one morning and found his wife's Irish washerwoman the only occupant of the house.

"Do you know anything about my wife's whereabouts?" he asked the queen of the tub.

"Faith, an' Oih don't, Misther Jones," she replied. "There's nary a soign of them in the wash this week."

\* \* \*

## Whiz Bang's Monthly Motto

Trust everybody but cut the cards.



### Hibrow Stuff

"Aha! Villain, I have thee now. What hast thou to say before I put thee to death—thou who wronged my sweet Lucinda, she a mere slip of a girl."

"Unhand me, fool! Dost not know that slips don't count?"

\* \* \*

### Saturday Evening Poetry

Ain't it aggravating?

Gosh, it gets your goat,  
When you're sitting in the bathtub  
And haven't any soap.

\* \* \*

### Colgate's Special

"I'll see you!" cried the strip-poker fiend,  
as he slapped down four aces.

\* \* \*

A trolley conductor lost his job,  
And I've got a hunch,  
The reason that they fired him  
Was because he lost his "punch."

\* \* \*

*His name was William and every night he  
held her against her Will.*

\* \* \*

### How Efferveshing and Refreshing

Here lies the remains of Elizabeth Lowder,  
Who died from taking a seidlitz powder;  
She's gone to her home of heavenly rest,  
And there we hope she'll effervesce.

\* \* \*

We used to holler our heads off years ago  
about the land grafts—now us old codgers are  
tickled to death about the gland grafts.



### This Isn't True

A small boy of Jewish persuasion, who was playing at the end of the pier, fell into the sea and, after great difficulty, was rescued by an intrepid swimmer. Half an hour afterwards, much exhausted by his effort, the brave rescuer was leaving the pier when a stranger tapped him on the shoulder.

"Are you the man who saved my son Ikey's life?"

"Yes," answered the tired hero.

"Then," said the Hebrew, indignantly, "vere's his hat?"

\* \* \*

*No sir! He wouldn't spend a nickle to see Gus ride a bicycle, or a dime to see a cockroach with a wooden leg stick a mule's ear full of collar buttons.*

\* \* \*

### Oh, You Frat Boys

I was kissed one night by a good A. D.,  
And I have cuddled up close to a D. K. E.;  
I've been loved to death by a S. A. C.,  
But, I have never been kicked by a B. V. D.

\* \* \*

### Shave, Shoe Shine or Singe?

A man cried out in a barber shop,  
"May the gods protect and harbor us,  
That guy in there behind the chair,  
Is a darn site worse than barberous."

\* \* \*

*Four reasons why Gus left home—Maggie,  
Tillie, Rose and Ruth.*



## **Pasture Pot Pourri**

### **More Truth Than Poultry**

*copy*  
Women and eggs are alike, because their doggoned virtues just k'aint be judged from outside appearances.

\* \* \*

*copy*  
Sorority pins have gone out of style. There's nothing to fasten them to.

\* \* \*

### **Oh, For the Life of a Sailor**

"You say you are a sailor. Very well, what is a ship of the second class called?"

"Why it's a cruiser."

Right. Now, tell me, who takes care of it and guides it o'er the seas?"

"It's crew, sir."

"Fine. Now name the machinery that makes it go, that pushes it through the water.

"It's screw, sir."

\* \* \*

*copy*  
"How did you happen to be laying there in the gutter?" demanded the policeman. "Az alright," replied the inebriated one, "I jush happened to walk between two lamp poshs and leaned againsh the wrong one."

\* \* \*

*copy*  
My girl is so ignorant that she thinks a football coach has four wheels.



## He Has Every Care

(From the Santa Cruz Evening News.)

Otto Kuntz is slightly improved today. He has not pneumonia, but influenza, which would have developed into pneumonia had he further delayed treatment of what seemed to be a mere bronchial cold. He is in bed, with a nurse and every care.

\* \* \*

*copy* Little girls like to play with dolls, and so do their big brothers at college.

\* \* \*

*copy* The season's best seller—"The Home Life of An Oyster," by the author of that plaintive ballad entitled, "If Beer Bottles Had Nipples I Would Be a Baby All My Life." Sung with great success by Rears & Sawbuck.

\* \* \*

*copy* Aeroplane medicine—one drop will kill you.

\* \* \*

## Love's Force

*copy* Nice little maid from Siam,  
Who said to her lover, Kiam,  
You may kiss me, of course,  
But you'll have to use force,  
But, gee-whiz, you're stronger than I am.

\* \* \*

*copy* A lock of hair will oft times bring sweet memories in a flash but will bring up more than memories when you find it in the hash.

\* \* \*

## Scratch! Scratch!

(From the Boston Herald)

**FLEES IN HER NIGHT DRESS**

\* \* \*

*copy* Always forgive an enemy—if you can't lick him.

\* \* \*

*copy* The man that staggers around now-a-days must have a wonderful memory.



### It's Old But Worth Repeating

There were three traveling men talking in the hotel lobby.

First salesman said, "When I get home I always bring my wife a five-pound box of candy."

Second one said, "I always present mine with a bouquet of flowers."

Third one said, "I always buy a baseball bat. I knock at the front door, then I run around to the back door real fast and you know I haven't missed a man in six years."

\* \* \*

*These are the singing things: Stars, Flowers, Lovers.*

*These are the silent things: Night, the Desert, Love.*

*These are the eternal things: Truth, Harmony, Death.*

\* \* \*

Said the baker—"Early to bread, early to rise."

\* \* \*

*I will find no offense, for a friend would not offend, and he who is not a friend could not offend me.*

\* \* \*

### Bum Bomb Advice

Go West, my boy, and blow up with the country.

\* \* \*

An old joke is quite often better than an original remark.

\* \* \*

*You can teach some animals with a whip, but not the flea. He lives on rawhide.*



## Eastbound Jack, Boomer Shack

East-bound Jack was a "boomer shack,"  
And he loved the "jungle" pot;  
His run went down from Yuma town,  
Where the desert sands are hot.

Now listen here, ye boomers near;  
Even as you and I;  
Jack had a thirst, in a land accursed;  
Ye Gods; but Jack was dry.

He was on a freight that was one hour late;  
Heading for lager flow;  
While she rambled along, Jack sang this song,  
"Hurrah for Mexico!"

Now cometh, my lad—a verse that is sad;  
Ah! Mates, 'tis laden with woe,  
For Eastbound Jack, the boomer shack  
Was barred from Mexico.

From a line drawn tight, both day and night  
Was a sign that barred his class;  
And the poor Mutt read, with heart of lead  
This legend, "Thou shalt not pass."

Then the sad "shack" pranced and woefully glanced  
At the bright lights across the way;  
They meant, without fear, that Pilsener beer  
Was the brew on tap that day.

With a moan and a pine, at the Pilsener sign;  
Which poor Jack painfully read,  
In his throat came a rasp, and a last dying gasp,  
And he fell to the pavement—dead.

\* \* \*

If a blind flea walking on stilts crosses Niagara Falls in  
a day and a half, and it takes an hour and a half for a hard  
doughnut to sink in a barrel of apple sauce, how many yards  
of pickled tripe does it take to make a pants for a baby  
elephant?

\* \* \*

If Olaf, our Swedish plow-hand, doesn't get a haircut  
and shave soon, I fear we'll have to purchase a dog license.



### The Doughboy's Prayer

Congress is my Shepherd; I am in want.

He maketh me to pay all my income; he leadeth me to believe there will be no bonus.

He restoreth no hope of faith; he leadeth me to regret my vote.

Yea, though I walk through the alley and the street of doubt I find no pleasure in them.

He prepareth a fable before me in the presence of no free lunch counters.

Surely poverty and hardships will follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in a rented house forever.

\* \* \*

It is so quiet in our Robbinsdale bowling alleys that you can almost hear a pin drop.

\* \* \*

### Topsy-Turvy

*They've garden seeds in hardware stores;*

*They oft sell spuds with fruit.*

*Though things are turned around a bit*

*I think this is a beaut.*

*For while I walked the other day,*

*With neither thoughts nor cares,*

*'A sign in a special ladies' shop*

*Read: "We Sell Teddy Bears."*

\* \* \*

### Big Sale On Jewelry!

Algernon—"What a cute pearl you have in your scarf, Percy!"

Percy—"Oh, you deah thing; that isn't a pearl, that's soup."

\* \* \*

A "tip" in time saves many a fine.



## *Whiz Bang* Editorials

***"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet."***

**I** T is not often that I have time to care for the spring plowing and read high-brow magazines at the same time, but the other evening my neighbor called attention to an article in the Current Opinion magazine written by Dr. Frank Crane. This editorial was labeled "Negroes" and without permission of the learned doctor the Whiz Bang hereby reprints a portion of his writing—

The negroes last summer held a grand demonstration in New York and gave symptoms of standing up for their rights.

For some reason he has always carried the white man's burden. For the white man is superior. He himself admits it.

White men have even circulated the story of Ham, son of Noah, that he made fun of his father who had got drunk and kicked off the covers. That may not have been nice of Ham, but it was hardly serious enough to warrant cursing his posterity for thousands of years.

The negroes once lived in Africa, a large continent containing a fifth or sixth of the earth's area. There, according to the 14 points, they ought to have had some say as to how they were to be governed.

In their native land the negroes lived at peace in the bosom of their families, under their palm trees, and played around in a costume which was much more



rational for hot weather than any kind of clothes permitted in New Jersey.

They had their little dances by torchlight under the trees, as we hear our midnight follies atop the theatre.

They beat their tom-toms and wriggled their tum-tums, as also our jazz orchestras perform and our young folks shimmy and fox-trot.

They made war when they were hungry and needed food, fun and women. We make war for no reason at all, and do not even eat our foes.

I am for Africa for the Africans. Ireland for Irish, and New York for the Jews.

The Negroes are a happy, contended and lovable people, and have as much right to their place in the sun, and also in the shade, as white folks.

\* \* \*

**T**HE night was cold and blizzardy, and the snow whirled horizontally through the downtown streets. As I hurried along with my head bowed down, I ran into a reeling figure which staggered from a dark alley. The man was a foreigner, and appeared to be of some means, but the snow-covered clothes and matted hair betokened a drunkard. In fact, he was in the last stages of "hootch" and well-nigh helpless.

"Hello, there!" said I, "Don't you know you're liable to be arrested?"

"Thash all right, frien," he replied, "It's the only thing thash left for me—I tried to forget it, but I can't—I can't—she would do it—she left me for good, stranger—Lucy died—week ago."

One by one a crowd had collected—a non-descript crowd that comes from nowhere upon a



moment's notice, and disappears as quickly. Someone said, "Go get a cop, and call the wagon, the ol' man's had one too many—let's have some sport with him."

"Wait a minute," I interposed, "he doesn't need a policeman—he wants a taxi to take him home. Quick! somebody go for one while I stay with him."

Somewhat abashed, a young fellow ran around the corner, and I asked my man if he had any money.

"I dunno," he answered huskily, "look and see."

I felt in his pockets and found a dollar.

"Now, where do you live?" I asked, as I saw the auto turn the corner.

"Over at—," he mumbled, and nearly collapsed in my arms.

We put him in the taxi and I added another dollar to the one I found, and gave them both to the driver.

"All right, gentlemen," said the driver, after he had slipped the silver inside his gray fur-coat. "I'll take care of him, it's the same old story, only sometimes they get nabbed by the cops before we get 'em."

The crowd which had before been disposed to call the police and witness some sport, was now silent, and as the taxi-cab vanished in the whirling snow-flakes, the men one by one went away.



Poor fellow! At a time when he needed help most, it was farthest away. They wanted to add insult to injury and have him pinched.

Alas for the rarity of Christian charity! A fallen woman is unmercifully censured by her own sex, the drunken man ridiculed and made a butt of by his fellow men.

Every day there's a chance to help somebody—let's all do it now. If we're better than other people it's because we've all had a better chance. The way to ruin a man is to run him down and kick him after he falls. The way to help him is to hope for the best in him and lend him a hand. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

\* \* \*

The most depressing thing that befalls any of us is when we see a smile commit suicide on the face of a pretty woman.

\* \* \*

If you give a stranger the right of entry into the sanctuary of your home, you have placed yourself and your home at his mercy; even though he may be your best friend.

\* \* \*

Thwarted love and mortified vanity are the greatest of all the babblers of other people's secrets. They act by the same law as does the fury of the woman scorned.

\* \* \*

Isn't it monstrous how people go about saying things about us behind our backs that are



absolutely true. These are the only people we never forgive.

\* \* \*

*Knowledge is a weight added to your conscience and conscience is the policeman of your soul.*

\* \* \*

The hands that roll the stockings are not the hands that rule the world.

\* \* \*

They howl about the terrible twentieth century and its jazz and wild auto rides—but—we'd hear a thing or two about the "good old days" if the old fashioned wagon tongues could speak.

\* \* \*

A scolding fool is worst of any;  
Two in one house is overmany.

\* \* \*

You must risk a chance or go without;  
You must lose a fly to catch a trout.

\* \* \*

Who deals with honey, or round it lingers,  
Will oftentimes be licking his fingers.

\* \* \*

Jack fell down the hill, but still,  
Jack is just as good as Jill.

\* \* \*

The world is a staircase of wide renown;  
Some are going up, and some are coming down.

\* \* \*

A reformer is a gink who smiles and then frowns because he did it.



## Smokehouse Poetry

### "He Done His Damdest"

I ask that when my spirit quits this shell of mortal clay  
And o'er the trail across the range pursues its silent way,  
That no imposing marble shaft may mark the spot where rest  
The tailings of the bard who sang the praises of the west.  
But, that above them may be placed a slab of white or gray,  
And on it but the epitaph carved in the earlier day,  
Upon the head board of a man who did the best he could  
To have the bad deeds of his life o'ershadowed by the good:  
"He Done His Damdest."

#### II.

Engrave upon the polished face of that plain, simple stone,  
No nicely worded sentiment intended to condone  
The sins of an eventful life, nor say the virtues wiped  
Away the stains of vice—in lines original or swiped;  
That rough but honest sentiment that stood above the head  
Of one who wore his boots into his final earthly bed  
Is good enough for me to have above my mould'ring clay—  
Just give the name and day I quit and underneath it say:  
"He Done His Damdest."

#### III.

Some who are overstocked with phony piety may raise  
Their hands in blank amazement at the sentiment and gaze  
Upon the simple marble slab 'neath which the sleeper lies,  
With six or seven different kinds of horror in their eyes;  
But hardy sons and daughters of this brave and rugged west  
Will see a tribute in the line so pointedly expressed—  
And what more earnest tribute could be paid to any man  
Whose weary feet have hit the trail towards the Mystery, than:  
"He Done His Damdest."

\* \* \*

This prose inscription was placed on the monument for our  
Canine Pet in the garden at Breezy Point by Mrs. Billy, who  
mourned the death of our dog:

"Near this spot  
Are deposited the remains of one  
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,  
Strength without Insolence,



Courage without Ferocity,  
 And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices."  
 This Praise, which would be unmeaning flattery  
 If inscribed over human ashes,  
 Is but a just tribute to the memory of  
 Boatswain, a dog.

\* \* \*

## Age and Youth

Crabbed Age and Youth  
 Cannot live together:  
 Youth is full of pleasance,  
 Age is full of care;  
 Youth like summer morn,  
 Age like winter weather;  
 Youth like summer brave,  
 Age like winter bare.  
 Youth is full of sport,  
 Age's breath is short;  
 Youth is nimble, Age is lame;  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold;  
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee;  
 Youth, I do adore thee;  
 O, my Love, my Love is young!  
 Age, I do defy thee:  
 O, sweet shepherd, hie thee!  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

—William Shakespeare.

\* \* \*

## At Breezy Point

Hail! Hail! Hail!  
 I heard a mushy poet sing,  
 "Thy charms unveil!  
 Hail! My gorgeous Spring!"

She did. Did fickle Spring;  
 Her gorgeous charms unveiled,  
 And Hailed and Hailed,  
 Then like H——I she Hailed.

\* \* \*

Oh! Mighty, Mystic Pool,  
 To lure thy secrets we must forever think,  
 And so I woo Thee, Hate and Curse Thee,  
 Pot of Ink,



## If the Park Benches Could Talk

On each pleasant summer evening  
On the benches in the park,  
You'll see spooney-loony lovers  
Telling love tales after dark;  
But I wonder, yes, I wonder,  
If the benches but could talk  
Would the ladies stop to listen  
As they took their evening walk.

If the benches in the park could only talk  
Would their conversation give us all a shock;  
Would they tell why Katie Thomas  
Sued a chap for breach of promise  
If the benches in the park could only talk.

If the benches in the park could only talk  
I wonder would they boost or would they knock  
Would they tell how Stupid Willie  
Made that awful hit with Millie  
If the benches in the park could only talk.

\* \* \*

## The Lumber-jack Blues

As June approaches ants and roaches  
From their holes come out,  
And mice and rats, in spite of cats,  
They sure run about.  
Bedbugs bite you in the night  
As on the bed you slumber  
And insects crawl through room and hall  
In squads without a number.

\* \* \*

## Song of Uncle Sam

My money lies over the ocean  
My money lies over the sea;  
O give them a strong sleeping potion  
And bring back my money to me.

\* \* \*

Thirsty days hath September,  
April, June and November;  
The other months are thirsty, too,  
Unless you make your own home-brew!



## Contemplation

By Carl H. F. Von Lautz.

One day I chanced to take a stroll  
Deep in a woodland glen  
Where nature and all her beauty is found  
And SILENCE says THINK, to men.

And as I walked through the forest deep  
I thought of many things  
Of the Pleasures and Sorrows of living men  
Of the Misery and Rapture they bring.

Pleasure appeared from out a flower  
A sensuous being was she  
And as she gamboled along by my side  
She talked of the things she'd seen.

Dancing away she left me there  
I watched her out of sight  
But never a thing did I learn from her  
Tho I listened with all my might.

Sorrow came forth from a cave near by  
She was clad in sombre black  
Her stately tread was solemn and slow  
Her soul with despair was wracked.

Awed, I stood there filled with esteem  
As Sorrow walked away  
But, Oh, the things I learned from her  
Tho never a word did she say.

Oh, the folly of chasing Pleasure  
When Wisdom's so easily gained  
Life's longest span is all too short  
So live it not in vain.

\* \* \*

## How Gus Looked Next Morning

A stately Narg, all sugged with glee,  
Sat dreaming beneath a Hoo-doo tree  
His nibs tucked in; his rags awry,  
And his nose all purple from s-k-y,



## Sisters of the Cross of Shame

By Dana Burnet.

The Sisters of the Cross of Shame,  
They smile along the night;  
Their houses stand with shuttered souls  
And painted eyes of light.

Their houses look with scarlet eyes  
Upon a world of sin;  
And every man cries, "Woe, alas!"  
And every man goes in.

The sober Senate meets at noon,  
To pass the Woman's law,  
The portly churchmen vote to stem  
The torrent with a straw.

The Sister of the Cross of Shame,  
She smiles beneath her cloud—  
(She does not laugh till ten o'clock  
And then she laughs too loud).

And still she hears the throb of feet  
Upon the scarlet stair,  
And still she dons the cloak of shame  
That is not her's to wear.

The sons of saintly women come  
To kiss the Cross of Shame;  
Before them, in another time,  
Their worthy fathers came.

And no man tells his son the truth,  
Lest he should speak of sin;  
And every man cries "Woe, alas!"  
And every man goes in.

\* \* \*

## Ain't Nature Grand!

I've made a great discovery,  
'Twould make old Darwin blink;  
I looked beneath my bureau  
And found the missing link.

\* \* \*

The good-looking young man whistled "Rock of Ages,"  
as he held the rich widow on his knee.



## The Shave Tails

*A belated tribute to that host of clear eyed youngsters who as the "second loots" of the A. E. F. fought and died "officers and gentlemen, sir!"*

By J. Eugene Chrisman

"Shave-tails" we called 'em, hell yes, and worse,  
Back in "replacement," gad how we'd curse  
And damn every one of them, "ninety day loots"  
With their smart tailor-mades and their cordovan boots;  
Entertainin' the mam'selles with their strut and their swell  
While we was mostly "delousing" and givin' 'em hell!

In the thick of the Argonne when the big push was on;  
With our captain and half our effectives plumb gone,  
The "First" got a blighty and they hauls him away  
Leavin' baby-face there in command o' the day.  
Well—it wasn't no picnic, we was using cold steel,  
Advancing by rushes at a cost we could feel,  
Still the "loot" led us on headin' straight for Berlin  
With a jammed automatic and a blood plastered grin!

Yes—we cussed 'em and damned 'em for their swaggerin' style  
But the hardest boiled buddy took heart from their smile,  
In the Argonne and elsewhere we'd a never got by  
Except that our "loot" was a regular guy.  
Lookin' back—well here's to 'em, them ninety day "loots"  
For they led us through hell and they died in their boots!

\* \* \*

## A Gobshite's Lament

By Jack Thompson.

Not long ago I drew my pay,  
Then came a lucky hunch;  
I hustled up and right away  
I joined the gamblin' bunch.  
Laid down my dough and rolled 'em out,  
I didn't care a rap,  
Them dice turned up—  
Oh, Good Night, Nurse!—  
A six'm-six'm crap.

\* \* \*

As our Scotch friend would say: "The bag-pipe never utters a word until its belly's full."



## *Mademoiselle Manhattan*

**B**ETWEEN the neighboring bathing beaches and advance fashion reports, New York opticians should be busy these days. Male Manhattan is having its lamps trimmed.

Paris has just introduced an all-straw gown after the best Fiji Island mode and they say it will be over here in a few weeks. The famous Poiret mannequins have been appearing at the Longchamps race course in these new dresses, which are of straw woven somewhat after the fashion of a Navajo blanket. Before dyeing, the straw is dipped in an oily solution so that the general effect is of a soft and supple sheen, pliant as silk. No stockings are worn with these Shredded Wheat models. Some of the mannequins sported skirts of plain straw much like the hula-hula girls used to wear on the beaches of the New York cabarets.

Paris fashion's effort to get away from stockings is slowly taking hold in New York. They haven't gotten away entirely yet but the favorite colors are flesh—pleasantly called nude in the store advertisements—and the sheerest of the sheer. Either way the effect is



startling. The toll of street accidents behind these stockings must be appalling.

\* \* \*

**S**PEAKING of costumes—and lack of 'em —reminds us that the powers-that-be behind burlesque state that next season burlesque shows are going back to tights. Who says that normalcy isn't returning? For seasons burlesque has been aping musical comedy with ornate costumes and bare Groin architecture. All that is passing. "Short skirts are the cause," said one burlesque man to us the other day. "With these female fashions there's no illusion left. I don't know how musical comedy can survive, but we're going back to the old fashioned tights for a last stand, literally speaking." So next season you will see the merry villagers as of yore.

And still speaking of costumes, we observe a little try at something daring at the Winter Garden, where the Eddie Cantor revue "Make It Snappy" is holding forth. There they have gotten some of the show girls' costumes actually cut at the waist, the second effort hereabouts to copy the frank Paris chorus revelations. Several seasons ago a roof chorus did a number with its hands clasped over—well, with its hands as its only costume above the girdle line. At the Winter Garden they're wearing strings of beads up and around the neck as their sole protection. This isn't being done ostenta-



tiously. The girls are there—and so are the beads—if you care to notice 'em.

Which reminds us of the comments of Rene Callay, a wealthy young Frenchman, upon clothes and American girls. "Such short skirts and low bodices!" he said. "In France it would not be possible. She is not a woman, neither is she a man. She is in banks, offices, even the stock-yards. And yet with all her participation in men's fields, she is still a prude.

"She treats mere man like a dog instead of reciprocating his gifts. Your American women—pardon, monsieur—they have pretty faces and ankles, but not the fluency of movement that French women have.

"You Americans have become more polished since the war. But you do not know how to play. You do not know how to tease and be teased!"

Rene may be right but, if he will page Whiz Bang's New York representative, we'd like to debate this fluency of movement thing with him.

\* \* \*

**A**ND the new bathing suits! Coney Island saw two the other day that took its breath away. They were sported by two Greenwich Village art models and consisted of socks rolled down to three inches below the knees, trim little tight fitting trunks of white embroidered with blue birds, and a set of things that the Queen of Sheba and Cleopatra used to



wear in severe weather. These were held in place by a ribbon around the model's neck.

We don't know what the stern beach police are going to do about it, but everywhere you see tight fitting two-piece bathing suits of Mack Sennett design, plus rolled socks, worn by pretty flappers. And stripes are popular. We caught one of white and yellow stripes that was decidedly revealing. Yet mere males go on risking their valuable eyesight with wood alcohol.

The funny part of the whole thing lies in the fact that you can see these skin tight bathing suits occupied by decidedly pulchritudinous femininity in real life but the screen censors prevent you seeing it in the films. It's hard on inland America, but we won't be able to worry about it until next Fall.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Eastern movie world is as silent as a tomb. Yet Hollywood may have to look to its sensational newspaper laurels if certain doings at a Long Island studio leak out. Here—where presides a low brow megaphoner recently from the coast and the recent director to a well known actress of foreign birth—the feminine aspirants can either depart insulted or remain and blush. Isn't it time for the movies to pass this primitive stage? And why must Hollywood get all the blame? Curiously, this same movie organization has recently been



given considerable space by one of the New York newspapers for its stock selling methods.

\* \* \*

**T**HE stage world, too, is at low ebb. We hear that Hedda Hopper, fifth or sixth wife of the much married De Wolf Hopper, is about to start divorce proceedings. De Wolf must be somewhere near the front of our marrying stars and the present Mrs. Hopper's proceedings, if they materialize, may give the comedian with the weird toupe a chance to try for a new record. We'll see.

Nothing sensational has appeared on either the film or stage horizon. Broadway has had Tennyson's "Lady Godiva" done in celluloid but done in a way to get by even a censor. It was amusing to observe the way they electric signed the poet as "Lord Tennyson," the promoters having decided, it is said "that the nobility stuff counts big." The Godiva person's ride was conservative, we must admit. The man who sat ahead of us at the showing loudly lamented the fact that bobbed hair wasn't in fashion in those days.

\* \* \*

**A**NOTHER new film, "The Glorious Adventure," sported Lady Diana Manners. Maybe the lure of a real lady in the films means something but this Lady Diana is certainly reserved. She registers breeding for every inch of the film and never once forgets



she's a lady. Even when the escaped felon drags her out of her bed in a simple nightie she never forgets. The convict apparently carries her all over London, but she's patrician and all that sort of thing even with the nightie hanging by one shred. We can imagine her saying, after the hero rescues her, "This fellow was a bit rough, you know, but it was rather jolly, eh what? But do you really think a lady should do this sort of thing for the lower clawsses?" The poor convict really touched our heart. Such steadfastness of purpose!

\* \* \*

*In the animal kingdom the female makes the male beautiful so that she can endure his caresses. In the human family she makes herself beautiful in order to ensnare the male, rule over him, and by the same token make the world a safe place for decent folks to live in.*

*Man alone is a vicious fighting numb-skull, who would soon annihilate himself by war. Man is the great High Maffiffer and woman his shrinking little companion, on the surface of things. Subtly she has always ruled him; even back in the days when she was his chattel and could be sold with his goods.*

\* \* \*

Five years ago if you'd have four or five drinks with the boys you would sing, "Sweet Adeline," but now if you have four drinks the crowd would be singing "Nearer My God to Thee."

\* \* \*

*When flesh has reached a certain degree of perfection it has a moral right to nudity because it is beautiful. Milady's bare neck and arms are neither immodest nor out of taste.*



## *In The Good Old Days*

### **"Old Sky-Pilot Knick"**

*The Preacher Who Refused "to Give God Pointers."*

**W**HIZ BANG readers may be interested in knowing something more about the characters who were present at the bier of Riley Grannan in Rawhide some fourteen years ago when the Rev. H. W. Knickerbocker delivered his immortal funeral oration, and what had brought them to the desert city.

The Old West gradually is fading and no more will such a galaxy of picturesque figures be assembled as in the days when the gold fever drew thousands to some newly-discovered Golconda nearly over night.

Gold was the magnet that had drawn a goodly number of dashing adventurers to Rawhide and many of them were present and listened with moist eyes to Old Knick as he delivered extemporaneously his heart-gripping encomium over the body of the dead sportsman.

Among them were such characters as Diamondfield Jack Davis, renowned for the notches on the grip of his gat, whose cheery words added to a fifty-dollar bill had at one time saved Old Knick from a suicide's grave; Jack



Reynolds, the broker, just turned twenty-one, who had made and lost half-a-million at Goldfield; Gene Grutt and Tommy Newberry, the Rawhide pioneers, who had made the first bonanza locations; Count von Polenz, German nobleman; Tex Rickard, now famous fight-promoter, then proprietor of the Northern Gambling House, known the West over as a "square" gambler; Jack Hines, Beau Brummel of the Poland when the latter refused to desist from camps, who shot and killed Count Podowski of paying unwelcome and offensive attentions to Jack's wife, and who was acquitted by a jury for the slaying; Rawhide Jack Davis, who wrested a fortune from the golden ground of Rawhide and passed it in a night's play over the gaming tables at The Northern, and countless others.

Of all the interesting persons there assembled, Old Knick was easily the most picturesque, his history the most unusual. Although he could have attained wealth on the lecture platform, he preferred to remain with the fortune-hunters, the "children of hope," out on what he called the cold shoulder of the desert.

Some time before he had been the pastor of a fashionable church in Los Angeles. A disastrous drought came to California. Prayers for rain were offered up by nearly all the churches, but not so by the Rev. Mr. Knickerbocker.



When his parishioners demanded he pray to the Almighty for rain, Old Knick replied: "Not I. God doesn't need any pointers from us! When in His own good time He sees fit to let it rain, it will rain."

When Goldfield waned, Knick passed with others along to Rawhide; where, as newspaper correspondent, Shakespearean lecturer, prospector and the friend of all, he became one of the celebrities. Many noted persons, men and women, among them Elinor Glyn, famous author of *Three Weeks*, have since passed through and left their mark on Rawhide; but when all of these, and Rawhide's gold, have long been forgotten, Grannan and Knickerbocker, and the latter's loving eulogy, will live in memory for generations to come.

Since the publication in the Whiz Bang of Mr. Knickerbocker's oration at Grannan's funeral, a letter has been received from Old Knick. He now lives in Marlin, Texas, pastor of the Marlin Methodist Church. In his letter to us he gives an interesting account of the history of the address from the time it left his lips on that memorable day in Rawhide, a spontaneous tribute to his dead friend, which he believed would be "buried with his bones," but which has lived to cheer thousands in every part of the country since that day. As in the old days, Old Knick continues to stand pat on his policy of refusing "to give God pointers."



### See America First

A traveler just returned says it's a great life in foreign countries. He got gypped in Egypt, panned in Japan, germs in Germany, mad in Madagascar, and drunk on port in Portugal.

\* \* \*

If a man takes a few drinks now-a-days, he sees animals. A fellow took three drinks and right away he wanted to sell me an elephant for five hundred and fifty. I took two drinks and bought it.

\* \* \*

### Washington News Note

Prosperous days are predicted for surgeons next fall. Many men now in Congress are to lose their seats after the November elections.

\* \* \*

First Indian—I just bought a wife for six deerskins.

Second Indian—Mine only cost five bucks.

\* \* \*

### See the "Pint"?

"I'm hip to that guy," cried the bootlegger, as he poured a glass full of fish hooks.

\* \* \*

Two factory owners were shooting craps.

"I'll shoot you my gas house," said the first.

"I'm no piker," said the other, "I'll shoot the whole works."



## *Hollywood Flirtations*

**W**ILLARD MACK, just after his latest honeymoon, rented a mansion in the Wilshire district in Los Angeles and again began to "think" plays. It is said that Willard was so busy "thinking" plays that he was unable to descend to greet rent collector, grocer or butcher with their sheafs of bills. The rent collector, however, being a man of patience and knowing Willard had to get down to Pantages Theater to rehearse a sketch, sat himself on the front steps for a matter of two days until he was granted a personal interview.

Willard displayed much outraged bombast, but still in arrears, conceded to move when this action seemed to be the only way to adjust the trifling trouble. Willard is rehearsing Al Jennings, the famous bandit, in a vaudeville sketch. Al, have you been teaching Willard bad tricks?

\* \* \*

**U**P ON Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles' most conservative and aristocratic street, there is a handsome residence where you can order anything you want. Of course, you and your friends must be known to the man-



agement, but when that little impediment is out of the way, you're able to order your cocktails and to have champagne with your dinner. A high class clientele, including several picture stars, is patronizing the place.

\* \* \*

**Y**OU don't have to be handsome! Jack Dempsey is said to have engaged the serious attention of Yancsi Dolly, the dancer. Bebe Daniels is interested, too, and Peggy Joyce sent desperate wires for spiritual guidance to Jack when one of her lovers recently killed himself in Paris.

No, one doesn't have to be handsome!

\* \* \*

**H**AROLD LLOYD and Bebe Daniels seem to be "keeping company" during many evenings at the Green Mill. Larry Semon and Lucille Carlisle patronize the same eating emporium. As you pass the wheel of this great mill, and watch the gleaming paddles dip into the lazy mill stream and send a silvery spray on high, something besides the aroma of H. 2 O. reaches your nostrils.

As familiar sights and sounds link themselves unconsciously in our minds, you expect to see tables covered in bottles when you enter the huge dining room, but nary a bottle projects itself across the horizon. However—however, not long after you have ordered, someone at the next table from yours (the tables at Green Mill are very near together), gives your



knee a thud with a glass contained and asks you if you would like a nip.

As you scan the room, you find that this undertable signal system is being followed by all Green Mill's patrons. A staff of marvelously talented blind waiters serve the patrons there, and although somebody's ginger ale may spill en passant and wet garcon's ankles, he never organizes a strike.

\* \* \*

**G**EORGE WALSH has just filed suit for \$25,000 against Tom Mix because, he asserts, the latter has taken possession of "Joe," the famous equine cinema star. Joe won his laurels for his neck-breaking pursuits, always a feature of wild west pictures. Walsh says that when he departed for New York in May, 1921, Mix requested he be allowed to keep "Joe" until Walsh returned. Mix has continued to keep the beast!

\* \* \*

**M**AE BUSCH, well known for her clever work in "Foolish Wives," has filed suit for divorce from her actor husband, Francis McDonald.

\* \* \*

**D**R. J. WHITCOMB BROUGHER, with other Los Angeles gentlemen of the clergy, had things to say a short time ago about cleaning up the film folk. Now, his son-in-law, Norman Buist, has upset the family flower pot by going into pictures. He is play-



ing small parts at the Goldwyn Studio and expects to make picture acting his life work.

\* \* \*

**E**SENCE of sweet lavender! Rudolph Valentino, king pin leader of swarthy shiek heroes, has married the daughter of Richard Hudnut, manufacturer of perfumes. The lady is known as Natacha Rambova. She was formerly premiere danseuses with Theodore Kosloff and of late, art director for Mme. Nazimova. The couple met when Valentino was playing Armand in "Camille," starring Nazimova. Jean Acker recently divorced the sleek-haired Shiek. Officials say the marriage is bigamous. Now there'll be help-popping.

\* \* \*

**A**LTHOUGH completely surrounded by beauty on the Universal lot, the star, Hoot Gibson, did not "fall" until Pat Rooney's act hit the Los Angeles Orpheum a few weeks ago. Hoot met Helen Johnson, the plump and beautiful vocalist of the act and they were married before the vaudevillians left town.

\* \* \*

**L**AWSUITS are the order of the day. Makes no difference how young you are. You are never too young to sue. Little Robert Campbell, via Mamma Campbell (Robert is two years of age), has sued for contracting a cold while "on location" at the Lasky



ranch. Robert is the youngest person ever known to bring a lawsuit. We shall soon expect to hear that new born babes are suing their parents for bringing them into a hard and wicked world.

\* \* \*

**R**UMORS are current that Virginia Fox and Billy Joy are soon to wed. Billy is the brother of Leatrice Joy, Lasky star. He has just formed the Joy Comedy Company, which will star Miss Fox.

\* \* \*

**F**ORMER New York show girls have been turning to all sorts of other trades since the theatrical slump began. One of these hired herself out as a waitress in a Fifth Avenue mansion. She always was a friendly little thing but her impulsiveness cost her her job. During a formal dinner party when a certain aspiring young man was casting sheep's eyes at the wealthy hostess and her daughter, he was surprised by the entrance of his old friend, the show girl, who impulsively dropped the soup and clapping both hands over his eyes, giggled, "Bertie!" Guess who!"

\* \* \*

**C**ONSTANCE TALMADGE'S shattered romance with John Pialoglow, wealthy Greek tobacco manufacturer, is a reality. Braving parental objections, Miss Talmadge eloped with Pialoglow to Greenwich, Conn., Christmas Day in 1920. Dorothy Gish and



James Rennie were married the same day. Jealousy of her career is said to be the cause of "Connie's" divorce action.

\* \* \*

**L**ILLIAN SHAW, a well known "single" in high class vaudeville houses, married John Goldstein, a San Francisco manufacturer, not so long ago. The couple lived together two days, struck each other (according to the evidence), and went their respective ways!

\* \* \*

**A**UDREY MUNSON, considered the most perfect artist's model in the world, will marry Joseph Stevenson, a contractor of Ann Arbor, Michigan, the lady announces.

\* \* \*

### Naw, Pa Won't Jam Ma

Copy  
 Pa likes jam,  
 Ma loves lamb;  
 If ma lams pa—  
 Will pajama?

\* \* \*

### Our Daily Hint to Olaf

copy  
 You have spread enough around here, throw the fork on the wagon and drive on.

\* \* \*

"His face looks familiar but I can't seem to place him," remarked the sheriff, as the escaped prisoner sauntered by.

\* \* \*

The female of the species is more deadly for the specie than the male.



### To the Old Guard

Copy  
There is nothing more distressing  
And there's nothing more depressing  
Than to think of all you've seen and all you know;  
When you're out with real live chickens,  
There is nothing that so sickens  
As to "cackle" when you really want to "crow."  
\* \* \*

At a recent Minneapolis building show, several devices were shown which were described as "labor saving." Don't be deceived, Gwendolyn, they had nothing to do with race suicide.  
\* \* \*

One of the anomalies of this imperfect world is that what some people call a temptation others call an opportunity.  
\* \* \*

### This Month's Maxim

The greater the truth the greater the scandal.  
\* \* \*

Lots of modern "sky pilots" refuse to believe in a hell. Nevertheless, the average modern business man does. In fact, he insists it is where his trade has gone.  
\* \* \*

Copy  
Olaf sez: "I don't like chickens. They are always hungry and as soon as I fatten 'em some other 'bird' grabs 'em off."  
\* \* \*

### Poor Alex Rose

Copy  
Alex Rose sat on a tack. Poor Alex Rose.  
\* \* \*

Jazz is a lot of syncopated discords.



**Abraham Lincoln Once Remarked That**

"Prohibition will work great injury to the cause of temperance. It is a species of intemperance within itself, for it goes beyond the bounds of reason, in that it attempts to control a man's appetite by legislation and makes a crime out of things that are not crimes. A prohibition law strikes a blow at the very principles on which our government was founded."

\* \* \*

**They'll Do It Every Time**

*I've got a sweetheart,  
She sure is sweet,  
All she can say is,  
"When do we eat?"*

\* \* \*

The reason I like my stenographer is because I can dictate to her.

\* \* \*

Teacher—Now, Johnny, name three strong nouns.  
Johnny—Onions, garlic, and limburger.

\* \* \*

**Pole Cats Sat On Their Seat**

Two little pole cats sat on their seat  
When a motor car passed by;  
Which left an incense far from sweet,  
And a tear drop in one's eye.  
Said one little cat to the other,  
"Why do you weep and quake?"  
Said the other little cat to his brother,  
"It's not like mother used to make."

—M. L. M.

\* \* \*

You cantaloupe here! This isn't a mushroom.

\* \* \*

The present-day fashions barely attract attention.



## Our Rural Mail Box

*Dear Captain Bill*—Every time a "life term" enters our state penitentiary, the prison band plays "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

\* \* \*

*George*—A flapper is like a match—has to be treated rough to get any response, is very warm for a while, and soon wears out.

\* \* \*

*Jassmine*—No, Jazz, I have never had the pleasure of seeing a negro gal purchasing flesh colored hosiery.

\* \* \*

*Gladys Kanbee*—I'll agree with you, Gladys. My airplane is no good on earth. Comparing Friend Wife, however, with an airplane is not exactly fair to the plane.

\* \* \*

*Peggy Rejoice*—I consider "Here Comes the Bride" as the greatest battle song the world has ever heard.

\* \* \*

*Agnes, Becky and Rachael*—1. The dictionary definition for "sympathy" is a fellow feeling. 2. Would not suggest naming your first child "sympathy" because of the possibility for



contracting this word into a nickname. 3. Yes, it makes a good name for a canoe.

\* \* \*

*copy*  
**Ward Roabe**—Young man, when you meet a rich grass widow, don't lose your head and go and ask her to marry you. Instead ask her for the position of private secretary. You'll get just as much enjoyment out of life without the trouble of having to go with her to parties and the operas.

\* \* \*

### High Cost of Loving

*copy*  
When the loving at midnight is ended,  
And he stands with his hat in his fist,  
While she lovingly lingers beside him,  
To bid him adieu and be kissed;  
How busy his thoughts of the future  
You can bet that his thoughts do not speak  
He is wondering how they can manage  
To live on his ten bucks a week.

\* \* \*

### Pretty Soft For the Doctor

(From the Aurora Beacon News.)

*copy*  
Elliot S. Denney left yesterday for Boston to commence his fourth year at Harvard School of Medicine. Elliott is also house doctor at the Women's hospital, and is enjoying splendid opportunities and privileges.

\* \* \*

Olaf, our Swedish snoose-hound, is loudly squawking because he didn't get a run for his money last Sunday. The Robbinsdale ball team was held scoreless.

\* \* \*

A sock on the nose smells like two on the feet.



## Widows

A well-known novelist once said that a little widow is a dangerous thing; but some men are so brave that they will face danger with a smile. The average widow is of a clinging disposition, and will readily attach herself to anything. Some man-haters say that a widow is a lucky woman; but by rich bachelors it is considered unlucky to meet a widow by moonlight. There are some widows who have children; these are the most predatory of the lot. Nobody is safe when this type of widow is about, for in her anxiety to give her offspring a second father she will even consent to sacrifice herself on the altar of matrimony a second time. Any man who marries a widow does so at his own risk, for he will soon discover that there was only one perfect man in the world, and that was his wife's first husband. Miss Julia James is our authority for the statement that "when a widow kisses you want some more," but this equally applies to grass-widows. A grass-widow is so called from her well-known habit of making hay while the sun shines. She is by no means so green as the name would imply.

\* \* \*

TO ALL READERS: Olaf requests that Whiz Bang fans desist in wishing Pedro a bully success. It's making the poor maligned animal feel too vain, he says.



### Bring On the Life Savers

My wife saved my life last night.

How's that?

She threw the rolling pin at me and missed me.

\* \* \*

### Concrete Evidence

Goofy McGlue, of the Cement Mixers' Union, stuck up for a "get-together" gathering of a binding nature. His motion was referred to the head cheesemaker of the Robbinsdale Co-operative Creamery.

\* \* \*

### Artless Art Arterializes

My friend's name is Art,  
He cracks some funny jokes;  
He says he'll win my heart—  
'Twill be when Artichokes.

I like him as a friend,  
His jokes fill me with glee,  
But with marriage as the end—  
Why girls! Articles me.

\* \* \*

### That's Better

"John," scolded his irate wife, "why did you spank Oswald on a full stomach?"

"I didn't," answered the indignant one.

\* \* \*

Two unsolved mysteries—a woman's brain and hash.

\* \* \*

A cigar is like a husband—it's bound to go out.



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(A FAWCETT PUBLICATION)

The first issue of America's Magazine of Real Life—the August, 1922—will be on sale at all live news stands.

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